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Leaflets

Standard Authors.

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# BRYANT.

POEMS FROM THE  
WORKS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

*FOR HOMES, LIBRARIES, AND SCHOOLS.*

COMPILED BY  
JOSEPHINE E. HODGDON.

*ILLUSTRATED.*

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE LEAFLETS.

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"Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruptions, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

How can our young people be led to take pleasure in the writings of our best authors?

An attempt to answer this important inquiry is the aim of these *Leaflets*. It is proposed, by their use in the school and the family, to develop a love for the beautiful thoughts, the noble and elevating sentiments, that pervade the choicest literature, and thus to turn aside that flood of pernicious reading which is deluging the children of our beloved country. It is hoped that they will prove effective instruments in securing the desired end, and an aid in the attainment of a higher mental and moral culture.

Our best writers, intelligent teachers, and lecturers on literary subjects, have given suggestions and material for this work, and rendered its realization possible. Those who, knowing the power of a good thought well expressed, have endeavored to popularize works of acknowledged merit by means of copied extracts, marked passages, leaves torn from books, and other expensive and time-consuming expedients, will gladly welcome this new, convenient, and inexpensive arrangement of appropriate selections as helps to the progress they are attempting to secure. This plan and the selections used are the outgrowth of experience in the school-room, and their utility and adaptation to the proposed aims have been proved. By means of these sheets, each teacher can have at command a larger range of authors than is otherwise possible. A few suggestions in regard to these Leaflets may not be amiss:

1. They may be used for sight-reading and silent reading.
2. They may be employed for analysis of the author's meaning and language, which may well be made a prominent feature of the reading-lesson, as it is the best preparation for a proper rendering of the passages given.
3. They may be distributed, that each pupil may spend any spare time in choosing his own favorite selection. This may afterward be used, as its character or the pupil's inclination suggests, for sentiment, essay, reading, recitation, or declamation.
4. Mr. Longfellow's method, as mentioned in the sketch accompanying

## *LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

his poems, in this series of Leaflets, may be profitably followed, as it will promote a helpful interplay of thought between teacher and pupils, and lead unconsciously to a love and understanding of good authors.

5. Short quotations may be given in answer to the daily roll-call.

6. Some of the selections are especially adapted to responsive and chorus class-reading.

7. The lyrical poems can be sung to some familiar tunes.

8. The sketch which will be found with each series may serve as the foundation for essays on the author's life and works.

9. The illustrations may be employed as subjects for language-lessons, thus cultivating the powers of observation and expression.

All these methods combined may be made to give pleasure to the pupils' friends, and make it feasible to entertain them oftener than is now the custom, thus creating an interest in the school and a sympathy with the author whose works are the subjects of study. The foregoing is by no means a necessary order, and teachers will vary from it as their own appreciation of the intelligence of their pupils and the interest of the exercise shall suggest.

The object to be kept in view is, pleasantly to introduce the works of our best authors to growing minds, and to develop in them a taste for the best in literature, that the world of books may become to them an unfailing source of inspiration and delight.

## LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



*William Cullen Bryant*

A FEW years ago there died in New York city a man standing in the first rank of literature, who had made his literary reputation before Sir Walter Scott began his series of the Waverley novels. He was in his prime when Dickens and Thackeray first began to write, and in the full exercise of his intellectual powers after they had laid aside forever their busy

pens. Closely identified with the national life of his native land, and having a large share in originating and elevating its literature, and in shaping the course of its politics, William Cullen Bryant truly merited the encomium of being accounted "the most accomplished, the most distinguished, and the most universally honored, citizen of the United States," and that, too, solely by his genius, moral rectitude, and force of character. "He was my master in verse," said Longfellow, "ten years and more my senior, and throughout my whole life I have had the warmest reverential regard for him." "It is certain," said Ralph Waldo Emerson, "that Bryant has written some of the very best poetry that we have had in America." Bryant was born in Cummington, a little town in Western Massachusetts, on November 3, 1794. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a man of rare intelligence, taste, and sagacity, a practicing physician and surgeon, and one of the third generation who had followed that profession. The genial doctor never realized his dream of educating a child of his own for his favorite profession. He named the future poet and journalist after Dr. Cullen, the famous Scotch physician, but William never had any liking for his father's profession, realizing fully, as he said in after-years, the unremitting toil and arduous duties of a country doctor's life. William Cullen's mother was a lineal descendant of John Alden, the lieutenant of Miles Standish and the hero of one of Longfellow's charming poems. She was a woman of great force of character, of personal dignity, and excellent good sense. Although her education was limited to the ordinary English branches, she was a great reader, and early taught her child to repeat standard English poetry. When he was scarcely three years old, William was made to repeat Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns. In his poem called "A Lifetime," written when the scenes of childhood were memories of the long past, Bryant pictures himself standing by his mother's knee and repeating some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses. In a charming article, written when the poet was eighty-two years old, for a leading juvenile magazine, and also in the fragment of an autobiography, printed in Mr. Parke Godwin's *Life*, Bryant has given the world the story of his boyish days. He tells us of the system of family discipline which parents thought necessary in order to secure obedience, and of the respect paid by the young to their seniors, especially to ministers of the gospel. Of the books to which he had access, eighty years ago, he tells us, some were excellent and some were trash or worse; among the good he names "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," Mrs. Barbauld's works, Watts's and Cowper's poems. From a very early age, Bryant displayed a taste for reading and study. His father took great pains to direct his boy to those great English classics of which he had been a life-long student. The lad delighted to pore over Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith, and soon began to write verses. The varied and picturesque scenery of Western Massachusetts became familiar to him from his love of out-door life and the companionship of his father. Thus even from childhood his native hills, valleys, woods, and rivers,

were like old friends, and he was taught to love Nature under all her varied aspects. A man of sound scholarship and refined tastes, Dr. Bryant, recognizing the poetic gift of his son, judiciously and wisely aided in its development. While he encouraged the first rude efforts of boyish genius and taught the value of correctness and compression, he also trained his son "to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and fustian." Even from the first, there was nothing forced, morbid, or immature about the young poet's verses; and he wrote as if he had already had experience. Bryant's poetical powers, thus early developed, remained unimpaired to an age beyond that usually allotted to man. "Thanatopsis" was written in his eighteenth year; and the noble "Ode" written for Washington's birthday, February 22, 1878, in his eighty-fourth. Hence, an eminent scholar has justly said: "No one will deny that in one respect, at least, Bryant's fame was entirely unique. He was the author of the finest verses ever produced by any one so young, and so old, as the author of 'Thanatopsis' and of 'The Twenty-second of February.'"

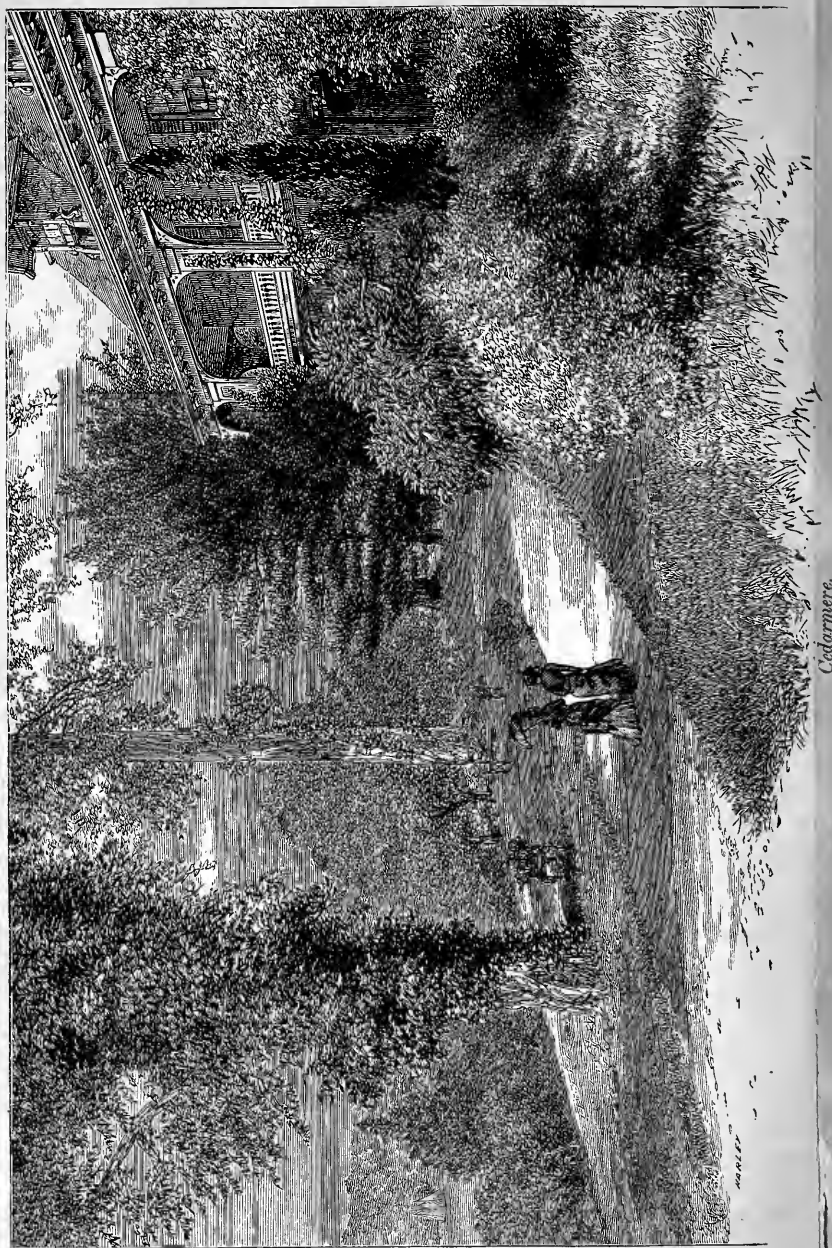
In 1807 President Jefferson laid an embargo on American shipping, an act which was bitterly denounced in New England. The boy Bryant caught the spirit of the times and made the hated embargo the subject of a satirical poem, entitled "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times," which was published in Boston in 1808, "by a youth of thirteen." The poem was favorably received, and a second edition called for. During the next few years several other poems were written, undoubtedly clever, but by no means characteristic of the poet's subsequent productions. In 1810, in his sixteenth year, Bryant entered Williams College, and remained there for two years, but was obliged to leave on account of his father's pecuniary affairs, which rendered retrenchment necessary. Dr. Bryant intended to send his son back to college, but was unable to do so. Of Bryant's brief collegiate career many interesting particulars have been recorded. He distinguished himself for his aptness and industry in the study of the ancient classics and his love for the best literature. The college afterward conferred upon him the degree of A. M., and enrolled him as an alumnus. After leaving college Bryant continued his studies at home for a time, but soon began the study of law, first with Judge Howe, of Worthington, near Cummington, and afterward with Mr. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. In 1815, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar. He first opened an office at Plainfield, but after a time settled in Great Barrington. In the latter place he passed the next nine years of his life, and there some of his well-known poems were written. When the young poet went away from his native town to read law, he left the manuscript of a poem behind him, which was found by his father and sent by him to the "North American Review." One of the editors, Richard H. Dana, read the poem carefully, and was so surprised at its excellence that he doubted whether it was written on this side of the Atlantic. This remarkable poem, known to all the world as "Thanatopsis,"

was printed in the "North American Review" for September, 1817. "This poem," says George William Curtis, "was the first adequate poetic voice of the solemn New England spirit. Moreover, it was without a harbinger in our literature, and without a trace of the English masters of the hour." A pleasant story is told, that when the poet's father showed "Thanatopsis" in manuscript to a lady well qualified to judge of its merits, simply saying, "Oh! read that—it is Cullen's," she read the poem, raised her eyes to the good doctor's face, and burst into tears, in which the father, a reserved and silent man, was not ashamed to join. Six months later, in March, 1818, the young poet added to his reputation by publishing a poem entitled "To a Waterfowl," in the "North American Review." This exquisite piece, written in clear and strong language, in melody simple and sweet, and displaying a keen and accurate observation of nature, has always been a favorite, and displays some of Bryant's best characteristics.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant was married to Miss Frances Fairchild, and for nearly half a century she was the good angel of his life. During all these years "his wife was his only really intimate friend; and when she died he had no other. He was young, his fame was growing, and with domestic duties, with literary studies and work, and professional and public activities, his tranquil days passed in the happy valley of the Housatonic." It was to his wife that Bryant addressed the poem beginning, "O fairest of the rural maids," "The Future Life," and "The Life that Is"; and her memory and her loss are tenderly embalmed in one of the most touching of his later poems, "October, 1866." On account of the interest awakened by his published poems, and through the influence of Mr. Dana, Bryant was invited to deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College, an honor rarely conferred upon so young a man. He accepted, and read at Cambridge, in 1821, the longest and most elaborate poem he ever wrote, entitled "The Ages." Richard H. Stoddard describes it as "a rapid, comprehensive, philosophic, and picturesque summary of the history of mankind from the earliest periods, a shifting panorama of good and evil figures and deeds, the rising and falling of religions, kingdoms, empires, and the great shapes of Greece and Rome." Thoughtful and suggestive, it stands first in all the complete editions of Bryant's collected works, forming a fitting introduction to the other poems. The next four years of the young poet's life were more productive than any before, for some thirty of his best poems were written during this time. In the mean time a little thin book of forty-four pages, containing "The Ages" and others of his poems, had been published, and was everywhere favorably received. It established beyond question his reputation as a poet. By this time, it became generally known that Bryant disliked his profession, and would welcome any relief from its irksome duties. Influential friends secured a literary position for him in New York city, and early in 1825 he left the Berkshire hills for the more congenial occupation of journalism in the great metropolis. "Here he lived," says his

intimate friend James Grant Wilson, "from earliest youth to venerable age—from thirty-one to eighty-four—in one path of honor and success." In 1826 Bryant became permanently connected with the "Evening Post," with which his name was associated until the day of his death—more than half a century afterward. To his future life-work of journalism the young editor brought literary experience, solid learning, refined taste, and, even then, the prestige of a well-earned reputation. Bryant was too wise a man to suppose that poetry would ever give him a substantial living. "I should have starved," he once said, "if I had been obliged to depend upon my poetry for a living." As a newspaper editor and proprietor, he was a sagacious and successful man of business. Thrift and strict economy were cardinal virtues with him. He was thorough, watchful, and industrious in the smallest details of his newspaper work. He made the "Post" an educational power among its readers by diffusing scientific and practical information, and by stimulating the public mind to the enjoyment of literature and art. During at least forty-two of his fifty-two years of editorial service, Mr. Bryant was at his editorial desk before eight o'clock in the morning, and left the daily impress of his character and genius in some form upon the columns of his journal. These long years were most momentous in the history of this country, and were passed in active aggressive work in the very center of political, intellectual, and national activity. During all this time not only did no stain rest upon his character, but he stood as a conspicuous example of all that was admirable in journalism, in politics, and in private life. "He never engaged," said John Bigelow, in his address before the Century Club, "in any other business enterprise; he never embarked in any financial speculations; he was never an officer of any other financial or industrial corporation, nor did he ever accept any political office or trust."

While Bryant continued a journalist all the days of his long life, he never ceased to be a poet. He earned his bread and molded public opinion with his newspaper, but looked to poetry for the perpetuation of his name. He never confounded the two vocations in any way, or allowed either to interfere to any great extent with the other. In brief, he wrote his editorials in the office, and his poetry in the quiet of his home. If we take into account only what Bryant published in book form, he wrote comparatively little. If we reckon his editorial contributions to the "Post," during fifty-two years, we shall find him one of the most voluminous writers that ever lived. Some one, who had every opportunity to know, has estimated that his editorials alone would fill more than a hundred duodecimo volumes of five hundred pages each—all this, too, written in a style always pure, clear, and forcible, and giving evidence of wide scholarship and profound reflection. Under Bryant's sagacious and far-sighted management the "Post" became not only an influential and leading journal, but was also a financial success. Its editor died a wealthy man. As a rest from his arduous labors, Bryant traveled occasionally. Between the years 1834 and 1867 he made six visits to Europe, and



Cedarnere.



at different times made long journeys through his own country. His readers traced his travels by his letters to the "Evening Post," which attracted a deal of attention for their keen observation and beauty of expression. Mr. Bryant published occasional volumes of poetry made up of his contributions to the periodicals of the day; and in 1876 a complete illustrated edition of his poetical writings was issued. Under the heavy pressure of grief caused by the death of his beloved wife in 1866, the veteran poet at the age of seventy-two set himself to the formidable task of translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The former occupied most of his leisure for three years, and the latter about two. These translations were highly praised both at home and abroad. Mr. Bryant had the peculiar talent of delivering addresses and memorial orations upon the lives and works of eminent men. A volume of these felicitous and appreciative addresses was published in 1872. His last poem of any great length was "The Flood of Years," written in the poet's eighty-second year, and showing no decay of his poetic genius. The venerable poet's last public appearance was at the Central Park, in New York city, May 29, 1878, at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini. After delivering his oration in the open air, and at times exposed to the hot rays of the sun, he walked to the home of his friend General Wilson. Just as he was about to enter the door, the aged poet fell suddenly, striking his head on the stone steps. He rallied somewhat and was able to ride to his own home. Paralysis of his right side followed, and, on July 12, 1878, his life, after sinking like a slowly-ebbing tide, came to a peaceful end.

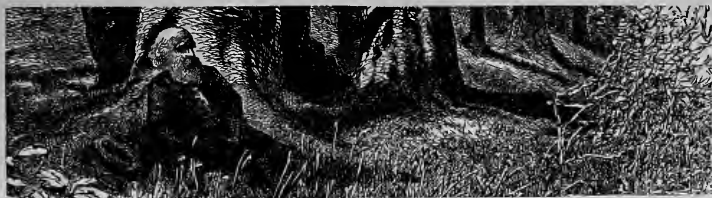
The tributes paid to Bryant's genius by the press and the public generally were immediate, warm, and sincere. The memory of the beloved poet is deservedly enshrined in that universal esteem and admiration which his noble life, as well as his literary achievements, had won for him.

Mr. Bryant's wealth enabled him to live surrounded by every comfort and luxury. So far as he was personally concerned, he seemed to care very little for them. He had three residences, a city house in New York, a country house called "Cedarmere," at Roslyn, Long Island, and the old homestead of the Bryant family at Cummington, Massachusetts. Very few famous men were better known by sight than the veteran editor. Day after day, and year after year, he could be seen in all weathers walking down to his office in the morning, and back to his house in the afternoon. He kept his vigor of body and mind by temperate self-restraint, good sense, a rigid observance of the laws of health, both in regard to proper sanitary arrangements and a strict attention to diet, sleep, and exercise. He rose early—about half-past five in winter, and generally an hour earlier in summer. A series of light gymnastics lasting for an hour or more, together with a bath from head to foot, followed. His food was of the simplest kind. Hominy and milk, brown bread or oatmeal, with baked sweet apples and other fruit, made up his breakfast. For dinner, he ate a moderate quantity of meat or fish, but generally made his dinner mostly of vegetables. His supper consisted only of bread and

*LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

butter and fruit. He never drank tea or coffee, and very rarely took a glass of wine. He always went to bed early—in town, as early as ten; in the country, somewhat earlier. Even in the worst weather he always preferred to walk rather than to ride. His senses were perfect, his eyes needed no glasses, and his hearing was exquisitely fine until the day of the accident. Well might those who knew him best say that, but for the accident which caused his death, he would probably have become a veritable centenarian.

Such was the pure, noble, and consistent life of William Cullen Bryant. His life and his grand life-work in literature all testify to his being truly and essentially a great and good man.



THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature  
holds  
Communion with her visible forms,  
she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer  
hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a  
smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she  
glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals  
away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.  
When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a  
blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and  
pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the nar-  
row house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick  
at heart—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all  
around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths  
of air—  
Comes a still voice.—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no  
more

In all his course; nor yet in the cold  
ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with  
many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall  
exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished  
thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth  
again,  
And, lost each human trace, surren-  
dering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the  
rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon.  
The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce  
thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-  
place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst  
thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt  
lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world  
—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise,  
the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages  
past,

All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—  
 the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness be-  
 tween;  
 The venerable woods—rivers that  
 move  
 In majesty, and the complaining  
 brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and,  
 poured round all,  
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy  
 waste—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The gold-  
 en sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of  
 heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of  
 death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All  
 that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the  
 tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the  
 wings  
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wil-  
 derness,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous  
 woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no  
 sound,  
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead  
 are there:  
 And millions in those solitudes, since  
 first  
 The flight of years began, have laid  
 them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign  
 there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou  
 withdraw  
 In silence from the living, and no  
 friend

Take note of thy departure? All that  
 breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will  
 laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood  
 of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will  
 chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these  
 shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments,  
 and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As  
 the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and  
 he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron  
 and maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-  
 headed man—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy  
 side,  
 By those, who in their turn shall fol-  
 low them.

So live, that when thy summons  
 comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, which  
 moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each  
 shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of  
 death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
 night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sus-  
 tained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
 grave,  
 Like one who wraps the drapery  
 his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleas-  
 ure dreams.



THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble  
know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves  
M below.  
A russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,

To meet thee, when thy faint per-  
fume  
Alone is in the virgin air.  
Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery  
mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view,  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture  
sip,

Has bathed thee in his own bright  
hue,

And streaked with jet thy glow-  
ing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,

And earthward bent thy gentle eye,

Unapt the passing view to meet,

When loftier flowers are flaunting  
nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,

Thy early smile has stayed my  
walk ;

But midst the gorgeous blooms of  
May,

I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget

The friends in darker fortunes  
tried.

I copied them—but I regret

That I should ape the ways of  
pride.

And when again the genial hour

Awakes the painted tribes of light,

I'll not o'erlook the modest flower

That made the woods of April  
bright.





TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last  
steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost  
thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do  
thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river  
wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise  
and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless  
coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

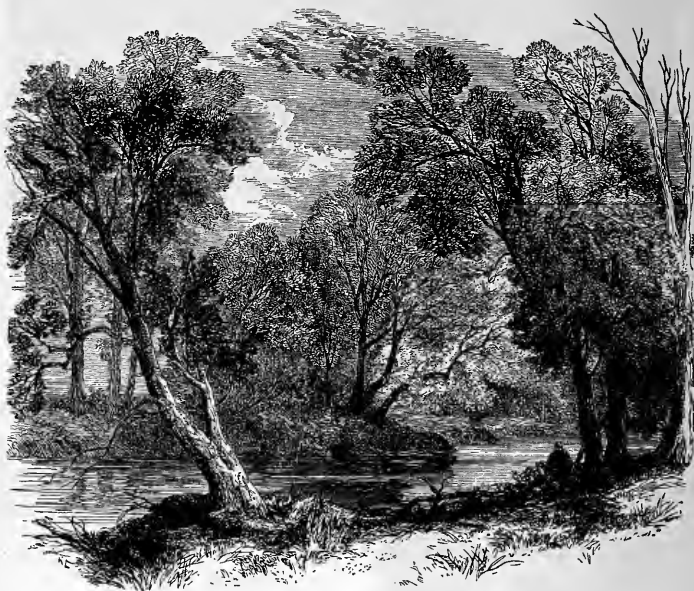
LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin  
atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the wel-  
come land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,  
and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds  
shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet,  
on my heart  
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast  
given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky  
thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread  
alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.







INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a  
truth which needs  
No school of long experience, that  
the world  
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast  
seen  
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes,  
and cares,  
To tire thee of it, enter this wild  
wood  
And view the haunts of Nature.  
The calm shade

Shall bring a kindred calm, and the  
sweet breeze  
That makes the green leaves dance,  
shall waft a balm  
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find  
nothing here  
Of all that pained thee in the haunts  
of men,  
And made thee loathe thy life. The  
primal curse  
Fell, it is true, upon the unsin-  
ning  
earth,

*LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

But not in vengeance. God hath  
yoked to guilt  
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence,  
these shades  
Are still the abodes of gladness; the  
thick roof  
Of green and stirring branches is  
alive  
And musical with birds, that sing  
and sport  
In wantonness of spirit; while be-  
low  
The squirrel, with raised paws and  
form erect,  
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects  
in the shade  
Try their thin wings and dance in  
the warm beam  
That waked them into life. Even  
the green trees  
Partake the deep contentment; as  
they bend  
To the soft winds, the sun from the  
blue sky  
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the  
scene.  
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower  
seems to enjoy  
Existence than the wingèd plun-  
derer

That sucks its sweets. The mossy  
rocks themselves,  
And the old and ponderous trunks of  
prostrate trees  
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey  
rude  
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their  
dark roots,  
With all their earth upon them, twist-  
ing high,  
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivu-  
let  
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping  
o'er its bed  
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the  
rocks,  
Seems, with continuous laughter, to  
rejoice  
In its own being. Softly tread the  
marge,  
Lest from her midway perch thou  
scare the wren  
That dips her bill in water. The  
cool wind,  
That stirs the stream in play, shall  
come to thee,  
Like one that loves thee nor will let  
thee pass  
Ungreeted, and shall give its light  
embrace.



# THE WEST WIND.

BENEATH the forest's skirt I rest,  
 Whose branching pines rise dark  
 and high,  
 And hear the breezes of the West  
 Among the thread-like foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of  
 woe?

Is not thy home among the flow-  
 ers?

Do not the bright June roses blow,  
 To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm out-  
 spread—

Yon stretching valleys, green and  
 gay,

And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose  
 head

The loose white clouds are borne  
 away.

And there the full broad river runs,  
 And many a fount wells fresh and  
 sweet,

To cool thee when the mid-day suns  
 Have made thee faint beneath their  
 heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and  
 love;

Spirit of the new-wakened year!  
 The sun in his blue realm above  
 Smooths a bright path when thou  
 art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,  
 The wooing ring-dove in the shade;  
 On thy soft breath, the new-fledged  
 bird

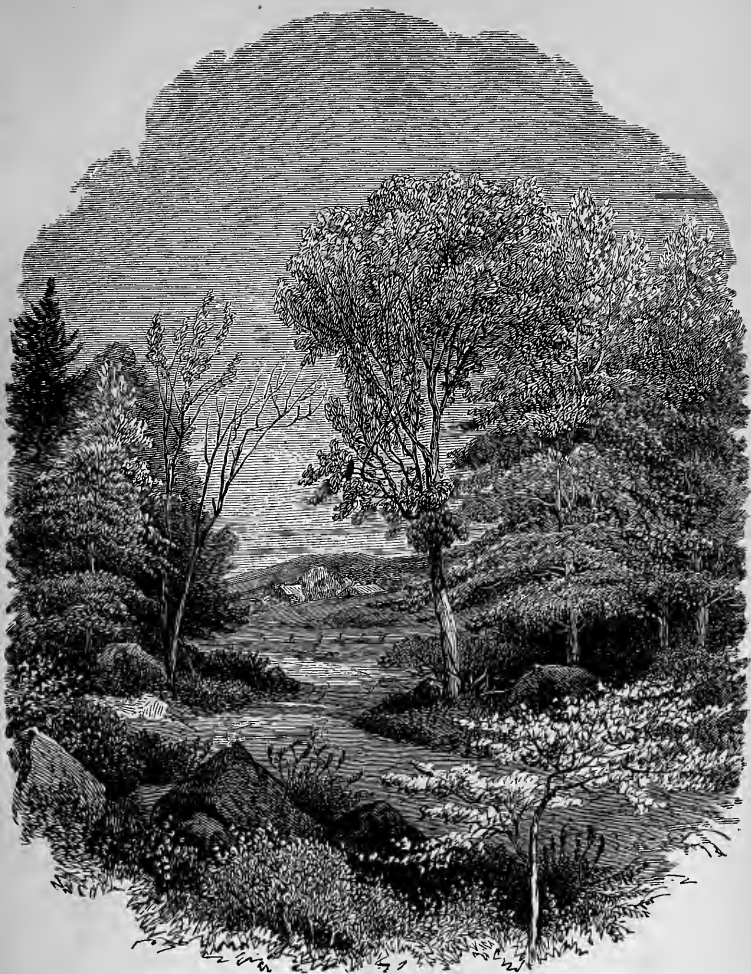
Takes wing, half happy, half  
 afraid.

Ah! thou art like our wayward  
 race;—

When not a shade of pain or ill  
 Dims the bright smile of Nature's  
 face,

Thou lov'st to sigh and murmur  
 still.





OCTOBER.

Ax, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

*LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay  
In the gay woods and in the golden air,  
Like to a good old age released from care,  
Journeying, in long serenity, away.  
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I  
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,  
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
And music of kind voices ever nigh;  
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

---

NOVEMBER.

YET one smile more, departing, distant sun!  
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,  
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,  
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.  
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,  
And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,  
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.  
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee  
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,  
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,  
And man delight to linger in thy ray.  
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear  
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.



A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples.  
Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the archi-  
trave,  
And spread the roof above them—  
ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the dark-  
ling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt  
down,

And offered to the Mightiest solemn  
thanks  
And supplication. For his simple  
heart  
Might not resist the sacred influence  
Which, from the stilly twilight of  
the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that  
high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and  
from the sound

Of the invisible breath that swayed  
at once  
All their green tops, stole over him,  
and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of bound-  
less power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years,  
neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under  
roofs  
That our frail hands have raised?  
Let me, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it  
find  
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns,  
thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou  
didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and, forth-  
with, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They,  
in thy sun,  
Budded, and shook their green leaves  
in thy breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The cen-  
tury-living crow  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew  
old and died  
Among their branches, till, at last,  
they stood,  
As now they stand, massy, and tall,  
and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to  
hold  
Communion with his Maker. These  
dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp  
or pride

Report not. No fantastic carvings  
show  
The boast of our vain race to change  
the form  
Of thy fair works. But thou art  
here—thou fill'st  
The solitude. Thou art in the soft  
winds  
That run along the summit of these  
trees  
In music; thou art in the cooler  
breath  
That from the inmost darkness of  
the place  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked  
trunks, the ground,  
The fresh moist ground, are all in-  
stinct with thee.  
Here is continual worship;—Nature,  
here,  
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly,  
around,  
From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
Passes; and yon clear spring, that,  
midst its herbs,  
Wells softly forth and wandering  
steeps the roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no  
tale  
Of all the good it does. Thou hast  
not left  
Thyself without a witness, in the  
shades,  
Of thy perfections. Grandeur,  
strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of thee. This  
mighty oak—  
By whose immovable stem I stand  
and seem  
Almost annihilated—not a prince,  
In all that proud old world beyond  
the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he



Wears the green coronal of leaves  
with which  
thy hand has graced him. Nestled  
at his root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the  
glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate  
forest flower,



With scented breath and look so like  
a smile,  
seems, as it issues from the shapeless  
mould,

An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this great uni-  
verse.

My heart is awed within me when  
 I think  
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
 In silence, round me—the perpetual  
 work  
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
 Forever. Written on thy works I read  
 The lesson of thy own eternity.  
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see  
 again,  
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth  
 In all its beautiful forms. These  
 lofty trees  
 Wave not less proudly that their  
 ancestors  
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there  
 is not lost  
 One of earth's charms: upon her  
 bosom yet,  
 After the flight of untold centuries,  
 The freshness of her far beginning lies  
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the  
 idle hate  
 Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats  
 himself  
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,  
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
 Makes his own nourishment. For he  
 came forth  
 From thine own bosom, and shall  
 have no end.

There have been holy men who  
 hid themselves  
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and  
 gave  
 Their lives to thought and prayer,  
 till they outlived  
 The generation born with them, nor  
 seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and  
 rocks  
 Around them;—and there have been  
 holy men  
 Who deemed it were not well to pass  
 life thus.  
 But let me often to these solitudes  
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps  
 shrink  
 And tremble and are still. O God!  
 when thou  
 Dost scare the world with tempests,  
 set on fire  
 The heavens with falling thunder-  
 bolts, or fill,  
 With all the waters of the firmament,  
 The swift dark whirlwind that up-  
 roots the woods  
 And drowns the villages; when, at  
 thy call,  
 Uprises the great deep and throws  
 himself  
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight  
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy  
 power,  
 His pride, and lays his strifes and  
 follies by?  
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy  
 face  
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need  
 the wrath  
 Of the mad unchained elements to  
 teach  
 Who rules them. Be it ours to medi-  
 tate,  
 In these calm shades, thy milder  
 majesty,  
 And to the beautiful order of thy works  
 Learn to conform the order of our  
 lives.



THE FIRMAMENT.

Ay! gloriously thou standest there,  
Beautiful, boundless firmament!  
That, swelling wide o'er earth and  
air,  
And round the horizon bent,  
With thy bright vault, and sapphire  
wall,  
Dost overhang and circle all.  
Far, far below thee, tall gray trees  
Arise, and piles built up of old,

And hills, whose ancient summits  
freeze  
In the fierce light and cold.  
The eagle soars his utmost height,  
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.  
Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on  
high  
The storm has made his airy seat,  
Beyond that soft blue curtain lie  
His stores of hail and sleet.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Thence the consuming lightnings  
break,  
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—  
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are  
stern.

Earth sends, from all her thousand  
isles,

A shout at their return.

The glory that comes down from thee,  
Bathes, in deep joy, the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine,  
The pomp that brings and shuts the  
day,

The clouds that round him change  
and shine,

The airs that fan his way.

Thence look the thoughtful stars, and  
there

The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast

The beauteous tints that flush her  
skies,

And lovely, round the Grecian coast,  
May thy blue pillars rise.

I only know how fair they stand  
Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,  
That earth, the proud green earth,  
has not,

With all the forms, and hues, and airs,  
That haunt her sweetest spot.

We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,  
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,  
The heart grows sick of hollow  
mirth,

How willingly we turn us then

Away from this cold earth,  
And look into thy azure breast,  
For seats of innocence and rest!

---

THINK not that thou and I  
Are here the only worshippers to-day,  
Beneath this glorious sky,  
Mid the soft airs that o'er the meadows play;  
These airs, whose breathing stirs  
The fresh grass, are our fellow-worshippers.

See, as they pass, they swing  
The censers of a thousand flowers that bend  
O'er the young herbs of spring,  
And the sweet odors like a prayer ascend,  
While, passing thence, the breeze  
Wakes the grave anthem of the forest-trees.

From OUR FELLOW-WORSHIPPERS.



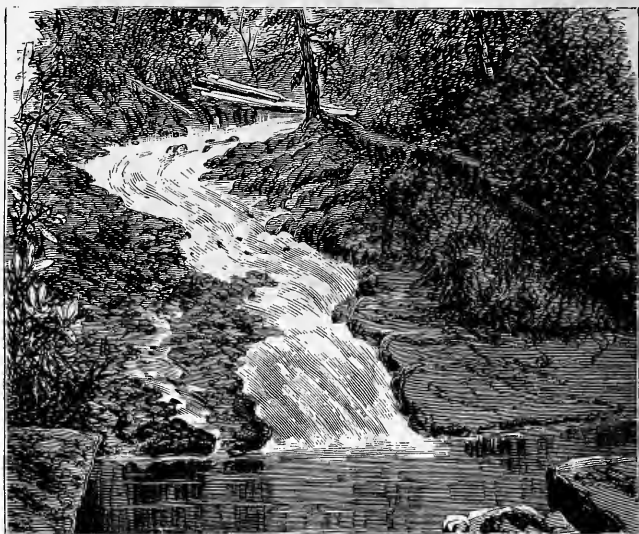
THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs  
around;  
When even the deep blue heavens  
look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the  
blossoming ground?  
There are notes of joy from the hang-  
bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through  
all the sky;

The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by  
his den.  
And the wilding bee hums merrily  
by.  
The clouds are at play in the azure  
space  
And their shadows at play on the  
bright-green vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic  
chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that  
 aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that  
 beechen tree,  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a  
 smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that  
 runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun,  
 how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth that smiles in  
 his ray,  
 On the leaping waters and gay young  
 isles;  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom  
 away.



“I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG.”

I BROKE the spell that held me long,  
 The dear, dear witchery of song.  
 I said, the poet's idle lore  
 Shall waste my prime of years no  
 more,  
 For Poetry, though heavenly born,  
 Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell — nor deemed its  
 power  
 Could fetter me another hour.  
 Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget

Its causes were around me yet?  
 For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,  
 Was Nature's everlasting smile.

Still came and lingered on my sight  
 Of flowers and streams the bloom  
 and light,  
 And glory of the stars and sun;—  
 And these and poetry are one.  
 They, ere the world had held me  
 long,  
 Recalled me to the love of song.



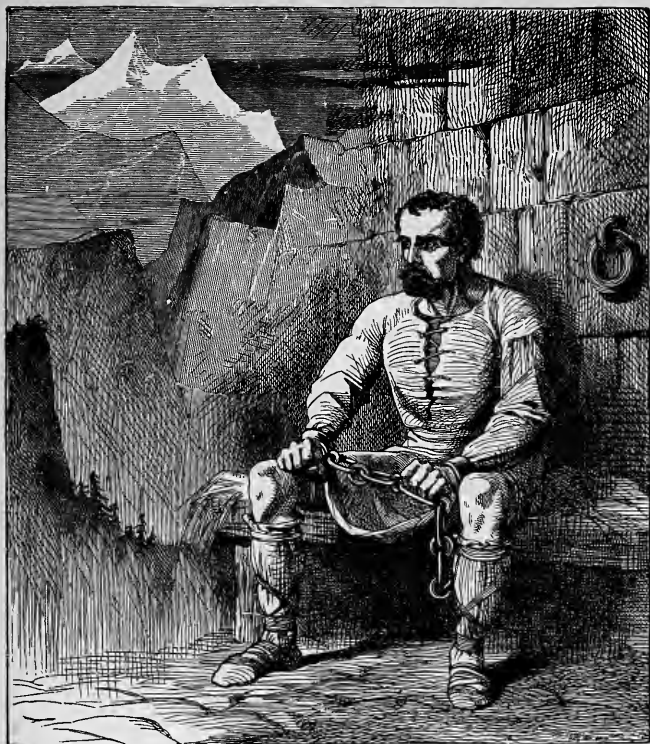
MIDSUMMER.

A POWER is on the earth and in the  
air  
From which the vital spirit shrinks  
afraid,  
And shelters him, in nooks of deep-  
est shade,  
From the hot steam and from the fiery  
glare.  
Look forth upon the earth—her thou-  
sand plants  
Are smitten; even the dark sun-  
loving maize  
Faints in the field beneath the tor-  
rid blaze;

The herd beside the shaded fountain  
pants;  
For life is driven from all the land-  
scape brown;  
The bird has sought his tree, the  
snake his den,  
The trout floats dead in the hot  
stream, and men  
Drop by the sun-stroke in the popu-  
lous town;  
As if the Day of Fire had dawned,  
and sent  
Its deadly breath into the firma-  
ment.



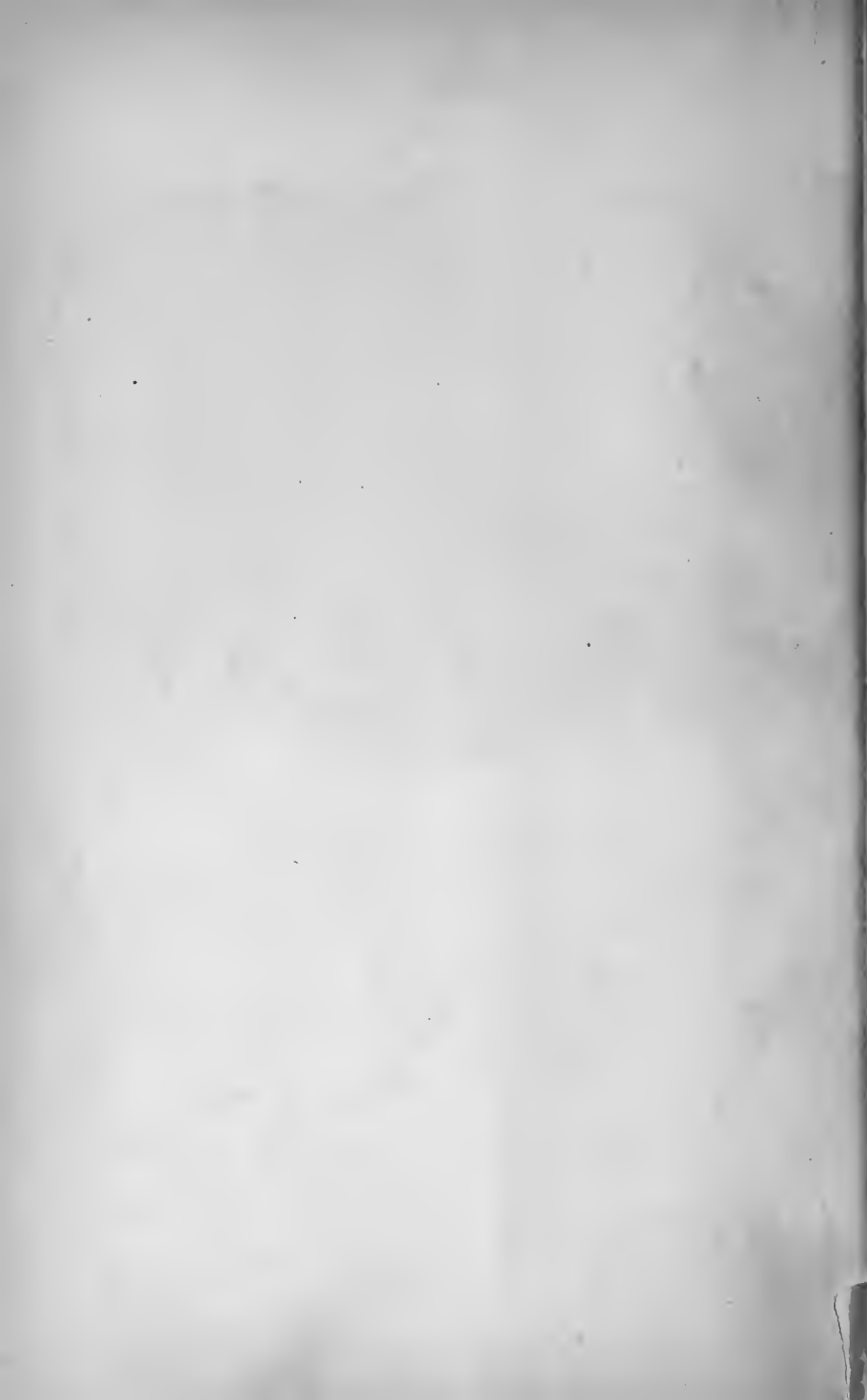




WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit,  
but thee,  
TELL, of the iron heart! they could  
not tame!  
For thou wert of the mountains;  
they proclaim  
The everlasting creed of liberty.  
That creed is written on the un-  
trampled snow,  
Thundered by torrents which no  
power can hold,  
Save that of God, when He sends  
forth His cold,

And breathed by winds that through  
the free heaven blow.  
Thou, while thy prison-walls were  
dark around,  
Didst meditate the lesson Nature  
taught,  
And to thy brief captivity was  
brought  
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.  
The bitter cup they mingled,  
strengthened thee  
For the great work to set thy  
country free.





TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn  
dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own  
blue,

That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs  
unseen,

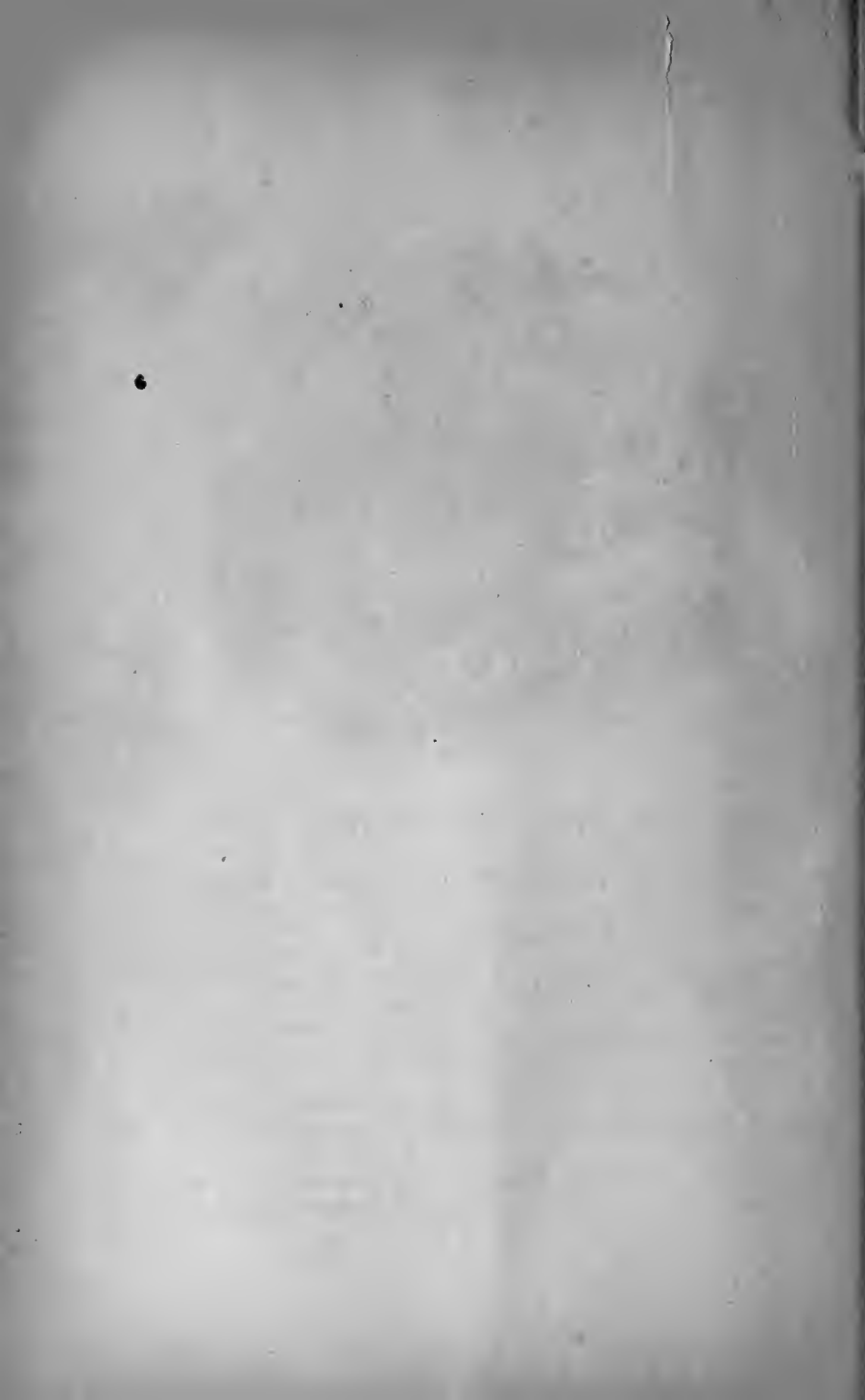
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden  
nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are  
flown,

And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue — blue — as if that sky let  
fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall  
see  
The hour of death draw near to  
me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.





“INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER.”

INNOCENT child and snow - white  
flower!

Well are ye paired in your opening  
hour.

Thus should the pure and the lovely  
meet,

Stainless with stainless, and sweet  
with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown  
apart,

Are the folds of thy own young  
heart;

Guilty passion and cankering care  
Never have left their traces there.

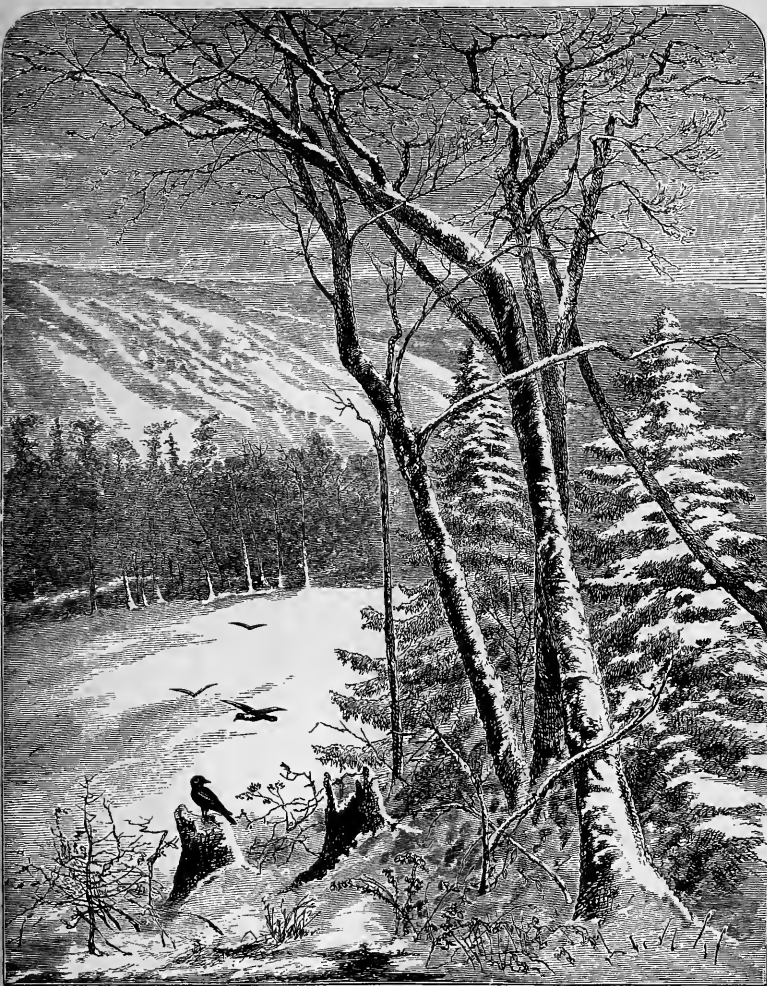
Artless one! though thou gazest now  
O'er the white blossom with earnest  
brow,

Soon will it tire thy childish eye;  
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,  
Throw to the ground the fair white  
flower;

Yet, as thy tender years depart,  
Keep that white and innocent heart.





THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea  
Moaned sadly on New-England's  
strand,

When first the thoughtful and the  
free,  
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

*LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

They little thought how pure a light,  
With years, should gather round  
that day;  
How love should keep their memories  
bright,  
How wide a realm their sons should  
sway.  
Green are their bays; but greener still  
Shall round their spreading fame  
be wreathed,

And regions, now untrod, shall  
thrill  
With reverence when their names  
are breathed.  
Till where the sun, with softer  
fires,  
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,  
The children of the pilgrim sires  
This hallowed day like us shall  
keep.

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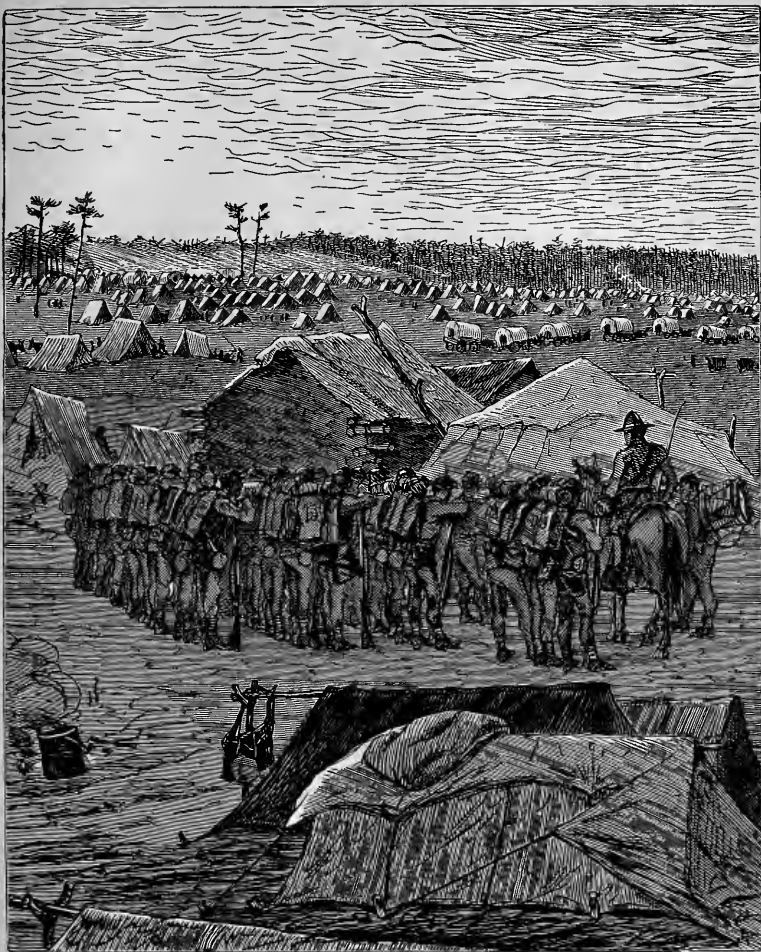
"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,  
Let thy children, Lord, depart  
With the blessing of thy peace  
And thy love in every heart.

Oh, where'er our path may lie,  
Father, let us not forget  
That we walk beneath thine eye,  
That thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak, and frail;  
Be thine aid forever near;  
May the fear to sin prevail  
Over every other fear.





SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland  
sprung,  
When, through the fresh-awakened  
land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,  
And ocean - mart replied to  
mart,  
And streams, whose springs were yet  
unfound,  
Pealed far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky  
steep,

From mountain-river swift and cold;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gathered waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again

Grew quick with God's creating  
breath,

And, from the sods of grove and glen,  
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men

To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled  
that day,

The fair fond bride of yestereve,

And aged sire and matron gray,  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;

Already blood, on Concord's plain,  
Along the springing grass had run,  
And blood had flowed at Lexington,  
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal  
sward

Hallowed to freedom all the  
shore;

In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—  
The footstep of a foreign lord  
Profaned the soil no more.

### THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

On this fair valley's grassy breast  
The calm, sweet rays of summer rest,  
And dove-like peace divinely broods  
On its smooth lawns and solemn  
woods.

A century since, in flame and smoke,  
The storm of battle o'er it broke;  
And ere the invader turned and fled,  
These pleasant fields were strown  
with dead.

Stark, quick to act and bold to dare,  
And Warner's mountain band were  
there;

And Allen, who had flung the pen  
Aside to lead the Berkshire men.

With fiery onset—blow on blow—  
They rushed upon the embattled foe,

And swept his squadrons from the  
vale,  
Like leaves before the autumn gale.

Oh! never may the purple stain  
Of combat blot these fields again,  
Nor this fair valley ever cease  
To wear the placid smile of peace.

But we, beside this battle-field,  
Will plight the vow that ere we yield  
The right for which our fathers bled,  
Our blood shall steep the ground we  
tread.

And men shall hold the memory dear  
Of those who fought for freedom  
here,  
And guard the heritage they won  
While these green hill-sides feel the  
sun.



THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and  
gnarlèd pines,  
That stream with gray-green mosses;  
here the ground

Was never trenched by spade, and  
flowers spring up  
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is  
sweet

To linger here, among the flitting birds  
And leaping squirrels, wandering  
    brooks, and winds  
That shake the leaves, and scatter,  
    as they pass,  
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly  
    set  
With pale-blue berries. In these  
    peaceful shades—  
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably  
    old—  
My thoughts go up the long dim  
    path of years,  
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets  
    dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and  
    delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses gushing from the  
    cap  
With which the Roman master  
    crowned his slave  
When he took off the gyves. A  
    bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one  
    mailèd hand  
Grasps the broad shield, and one the  
    sword; thy brow,  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is  
    scarred  
With tokens of old wars; thy massive  
    limbs  
Are strong with struggling. Power  
    at thee has launched  
His bolts, and with his lightnings  
    smitten thee;  
They could not quench the life thou  
    hast from heaven;  
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon  
    deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thou-  
    sand fires,

Have forged thy chain; yet, while he  
    deems thee bound,  
The links are shivered, and the  
    prison-walls  
Fall outward; terribly thou springest  
    forth,  
As springs the flame above a burning  
    pile,  
And shoutest to the nations, who  
    return  
Thy shoutings, while the pale op-  
    pressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by  
    human hands:  
Thou wert twin-born with man. In  
    pleasant fields,  
While yet our race was few, thou  
    sat'st with him,  
To tend the quiet flock and watch  
    the stars,  
And teach the reed to utter simple  
    airs.  
Thou by his side, amid the tangled  
    wood,  
Didst war upon the panther and the  
    wolf,  
His only foes; and thou with him  
    didst draw  
The earliest furrow on the mountain-  
    side,  
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny him-  
    self,  
Thy enemy, although of reverend  
    look,  
Hoary with many years, and far  
    obeyed,  
Is later born than thou; and as he  
    meets  
The grave defiance of thine elder  
    eye,  
The usurper trembles in his fast-  
    nesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the  
lapse of years,  
But he shall fade into a feebler  
age—  
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave  
his snares,

And spring them on thy careless  
steps, and clap  
His withered hands, and from their  
ambush call  
His hordes to fall upon thee. He  
shall send



Quaint maskers, wearing fair and  
gallant forms  
To catch thy gaze, and uttering grace-  
ful words  
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps  
by stealth,  
Twine round thee threads of steel,  
light thread on thread,

That grow to fetters; or bind down  
thy arms  
With chains concealed in chaplets.  
Oh! not yet  
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor  
lay by  
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom!  
close thy lids

In slumber; for thine enemy never  
sleeps,  
And thou must watch and combat  
till the day  
Of the new earth and heaven. But  
wouldst thou rest  
Awhile from tumult and the frauds  
of men,

These old and friendly solitudes invite  
Thy visit. They, while yet the for-  
est-trees  
Were young upon the unviolated earth,  
And yet the moss-stains on the rock  
were new,  
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and  
rejoiced.



THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,  
When, by the woodland ways,  
The traveller saw the wild - deer  
drink,  
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side  
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,  
And fenced a cottage from the  
wind,  
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs  
The evening moonlight lay,

And no man knew the secret haunts  
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead  
showed

A spot of silvery white,  
That seemed to glimmer like a star  
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,  
She cropped the sprouting leaves,  
And here her rustling steps were  
heard

On still October eves.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

But when the broad midsummer moon  
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,  
Beside the silver-footed deer  
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son  
To aim the rifle here;  
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm  
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home  
Ten peaceful years and more;  
And ever, when the moonlight shines,  
She feeds before our door.

"The red-men say that here she  
walked  
A thousand moons ago;  
They never raise the war-whoop  
here,  
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,  
And think that all is well  
While such a gentle creature haunts  
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for  
game  
In forests far away,  
Where, deep in silence and in moss,  
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time  
He ranged the wild in vain,

Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,  
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve  
Shone with a mingling light;  
The deer, upon the grassy mead,  
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,  
And from the cliffs around  
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,  
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,  
The startled creature flew,  
And crimson drops at morning lay  
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing  
moon  
As brightly as before;  
The deer upon the grassy mead  
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was  
old,  
By night the red-men came,  
And burnt the cottage to the ground,  
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the  
mead,  
And hid the cliffs from sight;  
There shrieks the hovering hawk at  
noon,  
And prowls the fox at night.





THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of  
Dreams,  
With steeps that hang in the twi-  
light sky,  
And weltering oceans and trailing  
streams,  
That gleam where the dusky valleys  
lie.

But over its shadowy border flow  
Sweet rays from the world of end-  
less morn,

And the nearer mountains catch the  
glow,  
And flowers in the nearer fields  
are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,  
From their bowers of light, to that  
bordering land,  
And walk in the fainter glory  
there,  
With the souls of the living hand  
in hand.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,  
From eyes that open on earth no more—

One warning word from a voice once dear—

How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day

And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,

The Land of Dreams goes stretching away

To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,

There walk the specters of guilty fear,

And soft low voices, that float through the night,

Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,

Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!

The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower

That freshens the blooms of early May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow

Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,

And I know, by thy moving lips, that now

Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!

O keep where that beam of Paradise falls:

And only wander where thou mayst meet

The blessed ones from its shining walls!

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,

With love and peace to this world of strife:

And the light which over that border streams

Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.



### THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.  
Cleave the tough greensward with  
the spade;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould with kindly  
care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,  
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;  
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Buds, which the breath of summer  
days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
Boughs where the thrush, with crim-  
son breast,  
Shall haunt and sing and hide her  
nest;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
To load the May - wind's restless  
wings,  
When, from the orchard - row, he  
pours  
Its fragrance through our open doors;  
A world of blossoms for the bee,  
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August noon,

And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of  
glee,  
And seek them where the fragrant  
grass  
Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,  
The winter stars are quivering bright,  
And winds go howling through the  
night,

Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow  
with mirth,  
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-  
hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall  
see,  
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's  
vine  
And golden orange of the line,  
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree  
Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
Where men shall wonder at the  
view,  
And ask in what fair groves they  
grew;

And sojourners beyond the sea  
Shall think of childhood's careless day,  
And long, long hours of summer  
play,  
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
And loosen, when the frost-clouds  
lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker  
shower.

The years shall come and pass, but  
we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.  
Oh, when its aged branches throw  
Thin shadows on the ground below,  
Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
Of those who live when length of  
years  
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-  
tree?"  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer  
them:

"A poet of the land was he,  
Born in the rude but good old times;  
'Tis said he made some quaint old  
rhymes,  
On planting the apple-tree."



THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I	The clouds hang over it, heavy and
pray,	gray,
On the lake below, thy gentle	And dark and silent the water
eyes;	lies;

And out of that frozen mist the snow  
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;

Flake after flake

They sink in the dark and silent lake.  
See how in a living swarm they  
come

From the chambers beyond that  
misty veil ;

Some hover awhile in air, and some  
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.

All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,  
Meet, and are still in the depths below ;

Flake after flake

Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.  
Here delicate snow-stars, out of the  
cloud,

Come floating downward in airy  
play,

Like spangles dropped from the  
glistening crowd

That whiten by night the milky  
way ;

There broader and burlier masses  
fall ;

The sullen water buries them all—

Flake after flake—

All drowned in the dark and silent  
lake.

And some, as on tender wings they  
glide

From their chilly birth-cloud, dim  
and gray,

Are joined in their fall, and, side by  
side,

Come clinging along their unsteady  
way ;

As friend with friend, or husband  
with wife,

Makes hand in hand the passage of  
life ;

Each mated flake

Soon sinks in the dark and silent  
lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter  
haste

Stream down the snows, till the  
air is white,

As, myriads by myriads madly chased,  
They fling themselves from their  
shadowy height.

The fair, frail creatures of middle  
sky,

What speed they make, with their  
graves so nigh ;

Flake after flake,

To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;

They turn to me in sorrowful  
thought ;

Thou thinkest of friends, the good  
and dear,

Who were for a time, and now are  
not ;

Like these fair children of cloud and  
frost,

That glisten a moment and then are  
lost,

Flake after flake—

All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;

A gleam of blue on the water lies ;

And far away, on the mountain-side,

A sunbeam falls from the opening  
skies,

But the hurrying host that flew be-  
tween

The cloud and the water, no more is  
seen ;

Flake after flake,

At rest in the dark and silent lake.



ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his  
name:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,  
Wearing a bright black wedding-  
coat;

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

White are his shoulders and white  
his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown  
wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her hus-  
band sings:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Brood, kind creature ; you need not  
fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is  
he,

Pouring boasts from his little  
throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man ;

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you  
can!

Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!

There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.

Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,

Six wide mouths are open for food ;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seeds for the hungry  
brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

This new life is likely to be

Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made

Sober with work, and silent with  
care ;

Off is his holiday garment laid,

Half forgotten that merry air:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nobody knows but my mate and I

Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are  
grown ;

Fun and frolic no more he knows ;

Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;

Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

When you can pipe that merry old  
strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.





A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—  
 Stay till the good old year,  
 So long companion of our way,  
 Shakes hands, and leaves us here.  
     Oh stay, oh stay,  
 One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high  
 and strong,  
 Has now no hopes to wake;  
 Yet one hour more of jest and song  
 For his familiar sake.  
     Oh stay, oh stay,  
 One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands  
 Have lavished all his store.  
 And shall we turn from where he  
 stands,  
 Because he gives no more?  
     Oh stay, oh stay,  
 One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,  
 While yet he was our guest;  
 How cheerfully the week was spent!  
 How sweet the seventh day's rest!  
     Oh stay, oh stay,  
 One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who  
 sleep  
 Beneath the coffin-lid:  
 What pleasant memories we keep  
 Of all they said and did!  
     Oh stay, oh stay,  
 One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his  
 last,  
 And leaves our sphere behind.  
 The good old year is with the past;  
 Oh be the new as kind!  
     Oh stay, oh stay,  
 One parting strain, and then away.





THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

*Alice.*—One of your old-world stories, Uncle John,  
Such as you tell us by the winter fire,  
Till we all wonder it is grown so late.

*Uncle John.*—The story of the witch that ground to death  
Two children in her mill, or will you have  
The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

*Alice.*— Nay now, nay;  
Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,  
Too childish even for little Willy here,  
And I am older, two good years, than he;

No, let us have a tale of elves that ride,  
By night, with jingling reins, or gnomes of the mine,  
Or water-fairies, such as you know how

To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,  
And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,  
Lays down her knitting.

*Uncle John.*— Listen to me, then..  
'Twas in the olden time, long, long ago,  
And long before the great oak at our door

Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side  
Lived, with his wife, a cottager..  
They dwelt

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Beside a glen and near a dashing  
brook,  
A pleasant spot in spring, where first  
the wren  
Was heard to chatter, and, among the  
grass,  
Flowers opened earliest; but when  
winter came,  
That little brook was fringed with  
other flowers,—  
White flowers, with crystal leaf and  
stem, that grew

In clear November nights. And,  
later still,  
That mountain-glen was filled with  
drifted snows  
From side to side, that one might  
walk across;  
While, many a fathom deep, below,  
the brook  
Sang to itself, and leaped and trotted  
on  
Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward  
the vale.



*Alice*.—A mountain-side, you said;  
the Alps, perhaps,  
Or our own Alleghanies.

*Uncle John*.—

Not so fast,

My young geographer, for then the  
Alps,

With their broad pastures, haply  
were untrod

Of herdsman's foot, and never human  
voice  
Had sounded in the woods that over-  
hang

Our Alleghany's streams. I think it  
was  
Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,  
Or where the rivulets of Ararat



Seek the Armenian vales. That  
mountain rose  
So high, that, on its top, the winter-  
snow  
Was never melted, and the cottagers  
Among the summer-blossoms, far be-  
low,  
Saw its white peaks in August from  
their door.  
One little maiden, in that cottage-  
home,  
Dwelt with her parents, light of heart  
and limb,  
Bright, restless, thoughtless, flitting  
here and there,  
Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean-  
waves,  
And sometimes she forgot what she  
was bid,  
As Alice does.

*Alice.*— Or Willy, quite as oft.

*Uncle John.*—But you are older,  
Alice, two good years,

And should be wiser. Eva was the  
name  
Of this young maiden, now twelve  
summers old.

Now you must know that, in those  
early times,  
When autumn days grew pale, there  
came a troop  
Of childlike forms from that cold  
mountain-top;  
With trailing garments through the  
air they came,  
Or walked the ground with girded  
loins, and threw  
Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,  
And edged the brooks with glistening  
parapets,  
And built it crystal bridges, touched  
the pool,  
And turned its face to glass, or, rising  
thence,  
They shook from their full laps the  
soft; light snow,  
And buried the great earth, as  
autumn winds  
Bury the forest-floor in heaps of  
leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with  
baby brows,  
And fair, bright looks, and voices  
like the sound

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Of steps on the crisp snow, in which  
they talked  
With man, as friend with friend. A  
merry sight  
It was, when, crowding round the  
traveller,

They smote him with their heaviest  
snow-flakes, flung  
Needles of frost in handfuls at his  
cheeks,  
And, of the light wreaths of his  
smoking breath,



Wove a white fringe for his brown  
beard, and laughed  
Their slender laugh to see him wink  
and grin  
And make grim faces as he floundered  
on.  
But, when the spring came on,  
what terror reigned

Among these Little People of the  
Snow!  
To them the sun's warm beams were  
shafts of fire,  
And the soft south-wind was the  
wind of death.  
Away they flew, all with a pretty  
scowl

Upon their childish faces, to the  
north,  
Or scampered upward to the moun-  
tain's top,  
And there defied their enemy, the  
Spring;  
Skipping and dancing on the frozen  
peaks,

And moulding little snow-balls in  
their palms,  
And rolling them, to crush her  
flowers below,  
Down the steep snow-fields.  
*Alice.*— That, too, must have been  
A merry sight to look at.  
*Uncle John.*— You are right,



But I must speak of graver matters  
now.  
Midwinter was the time, and Eva  
stood,  
Within the cottage, all prepared to  
dare  
The outer cold, with ample furry  
robe  
Close-belted round her waist, and  
boots of fur,

And a broad kerchief, which her  
mother's hand  
Had closely drawn about her ruddy  
cheek.  
“Now, stay not long abroad,” said  
the good dame,  
“For sharp is the outer air, and,  
mark me well,  
Go not upon the snow beyond the  
spot

Where the great linden bounds the  
neighboring field."

The little maiden promised, and  
went forth,

And climbed the rounded snow-swells  
firm with frost

Beneath her feet, and slid, with bal-  
ancing arms,

Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift  
She slowly rose, before her, in the  
way,

She saw a little creature, lily-cheeked,  
With flowing flaxen locks, and faint  
blue eyes,

That gleamed like ice, and robe that  
only seemed

Of a more shadowy whiteness than  
her cheek.

On a smooth bank she sat.

*Alice.*— She must have been  
One of your Little People of the  
Snow.

*Uncle John.*—She was so, and, as  
Eva now drew near,  
The tiny creature bounded from her  
seat;

"And come," she said, "my pretty  
friend; to-day

We will be playmates. I have  
watched thee long,

And seen how well thou lov'st to  
walk these drifts,

And scoop their fair sides into little  
cells,

And carve them with quaint figures,  
huge-limbed men,

Lions, and griffins. We will have,  
to-day,

A merry ramble over these bright  
fields,

And thou shalt see what thou hast  
never seen."

On went the pair, until they reached  
the bound

Where the great linden stood, set  
deep in snow,

Up to the lower branches. "Here  
we stop,"

Said Eva, "for my mother has my  
word

That I will go no farther than this  
tree."

Then the snow-maiden laughed:  
"And what is this?

This fear of the pure snow, the  
innocent snow,

That never harmed aught living?  
Thou mayst roam

For leagues beyond this garden, and  
return

In safety; here the grim wolf never  
prowls,

And here the eagle of our mountain-  
crags

Preys not in winter. I will show  
the way,

And bring thee safely home. Thy  
mother, sure,

Counselled thee thus because thou  
hadst no guide."

By such smooth words was Eva  
won to break

Her promise, and went on with her  
new friend,

Over the glistening snow and down a  
bank

Where a white shelf, wrought by the  
eddy wind,

Like to a billow's crest in the great  
sea,

Curtained an opening. "Look, we  
enter here."

And straight, beneath the fair o'er-  
hanging fold,

Entered the little pair that hill of  
snow,

Walking along a passage with white  
walls,



And a white vault above where  
snow-stars shed  
A wintry twilight. Eva moved in  
awe,

And held her peace, but the snow-  
maiden smiled,  
And talked and tripped along, as,  
down the way,



Deeper they went into that moun-  
tainous drift.  
And now the white walls widened,  
and the vault  
Swelled upward, like some vast cathe-  
dral-dome,

Such as the Florentine, who bore the  
name  
Of heaven's most potent angel,  
reared, long since,  
Or the unknown builder of that  
wondrous fane,

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

The glory of Burgos. Here a garden  
lay,  
In which the Little People of the Snow  
Were wont to take their pastime  
when their tasks  
Upon the mountain's side and in the  
clouds  
Were ended. Here they taught the  
silent frost  
To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf  
and flower,  
The growths of summer. Here the  
palm upreared  
Its white columnar trunk and spotless  
sheaf  
Of plume-like leaves; here cedars,  
huge as those  
Of Lebanon, stretched far their level  
boughs,  
Yet pale and shadowless; the sturdy  
oak  
Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of  
seeming strength,  
Fast anchored in the glistening bank;  
light sprays  
Of myrtle, roses in their bud and  
bloom,  
Drooped by the winding walks; yet  
all seemed wrought  
Of stainless alabaster; up the trees  
Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk  
and leaf  
Colorless as her flowers. "Go softly  
on,"  
Said the snow-maiden; "touch not,  
with thy hand,  
The frail creation round thee, and  
beware  
To sweep it with thy skirts. Now  
look above.  
How sumptuously these bowers are  
lighted up  
With shifting gleams that softly come  
and go!

These are the northern lights, such  
as thou seest  
In the midwinter nights, cold, wan-  
dering flames,  
That float with our processions,  
through the air;  
And here, within our winter palaces,  
Mimic the glorious daybreak." Then  
she told  
How, when the wind, in the long  
winter nights,  
Swept the light snows into the hollow  
dell,  
She and her comrades guided to its  
place  
Each wandering flake, and piled them  
quaintly up,  
In shapely colonnade and glistening  
arch,  
With shadowy aisles between, or  
bade them grow,  
Beneath their little hands, to bowery  
walks  
In gardens such as these, and, o'er  
them all,  
Built the broad roof. "But thou  
hast yet to see  
A fairer sight," she said, and led the  
way  
To where a window of pellucid ice  
Stood in the wall of snow, beside  
their path.  
"Look, but thou mayst not enter."  
Eva looked,  
And lo! a glorious hall, from whose  
high vault  
Stripes of soft light, ruddy and  
delicate green,  
And tender blue, flowed downward  
to the floor  
And far around, as if the aerial  
hosts,  
That march on high by night, with  
beamy spears,

And streaming banners, to that place  
 had brought  
 Their radiant flags to grace a festival.  
 And in that hall a joyous multitude  
 Of those by whom its glistening walls  
 were reared,

Whirled in a merry dance to silvery  
 sounds,  
 That rang from cymbals of trans-  
 parent ice,  
 And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful  
 touch



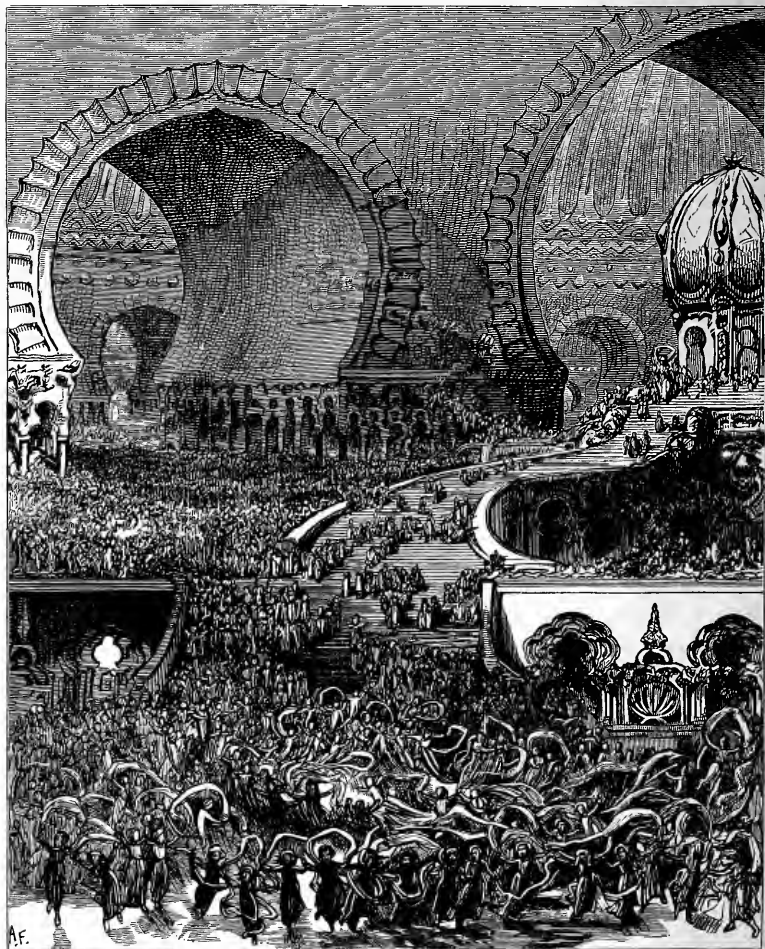
Of little fingers. Round and round  
 they flew,  
 As when, in spring, about a chimney-  
 top,  
 A cloud of twittering swallows, just  
 returned,  
 Wheel round and round, and turn  
 and wheel again,  
 Unwinding their swift track. So  
 rapidly  
 Flowed the meandering stream of  
 that fair dance,  
 Beneath that dome of light. Bright  
 eyes that looked  
 From under lily-brows, and gauzy  
 scarfs  
 Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the  
 early sun,  
 Shot by the window in their mazy  
 whirl.

And there stood Eva, wondering at  
 the sight  
 Of those bright revellers and that  
 graceful sweep  
 Of motion as they passed her;—long  
 she gazed,  
 And listened long to the sweet  
 sounds that thrilled  
 The frosty air, till now the encroach-  
 ing cold  
 Recalled her to herself. "Too long,  
 too long  
 I linger here," she said, and then she  
 sprang  
 Into the path, and with a hurried  
 step  
 Followed it upward. Ever by her  
 side  
 Her little guide kept pace. As on  
 they went,

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Eva bemoaned her fault: "What  
must they think—  
The dear ones in the cottage, while  
so long,  
Hour after hour, I stay without? I  
know  
That they will seek me far and near,  
and weep

To find me not. How could I,  
wickedly,  
Neglect the charge they gave me?"  
As she spoke,  
The hot tears started to her eyes;  
she knelt  
In the mid-path. "Father! forgive  
this sin;



Forgive myself I cannot"—thus she  
prayed,  
And rose and hastened onward.  
When, at last,  
They reached the outer air, the clear  
north breathed  
A bitter cold, from which she shrank  
with dread,

But the snow-maiden bounded as she  
felt  
The cutting blast, and uttered shouts  
of joy,  
And skipped, with boundless glee,  
from drift to drift,  
And danced round Eva, as she labored  
up



The mounds of snow. "Ah me! I  
feel my eyes  
Grow heavy," Eva said; "they swim  
with sleep;  
I cannot walk for utter weariness,  
And I must rest a moment on this  
bank,  
But let it not be long." As thus she  
spoke,  
In half formed words, she sank on  
the smooth snow,  
With closing lids. Her guide com-  
posed the robe  
About her limbs, and said: "A  
pleasant spot  
Is this to slumber in; on such a couch  
Oft have I slept away the winter  
night,  
And had the sweetest dreams." So  
Eva slept,  
But slept in death; for when the  
power of frost

Locks up the motions of the living  
frame,  
The victim passes to the realm of  
Death  
Through the dim porch of Sleep.  
The little guide,  
Watching beside her, saw the hues of  
life  
Fade from the fair smooth brow and  
rounded cheek,  
As fades the crimson from a morning  
cloud,  
Till they were white as marble, and  
the breath  
Had ceased to come and go, yet knew  
she not  
At first that this was death. But  
when she marked  
How deep the paleness was, how  
motionless  
That once lithe form, a fear came  
over her.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

She strove to wake the sleeper,  
plucked her robe,  
And shouted in her ear, but all in  
vain ;  
The life had passed away from those  
young limbs.  
Then the snow-maiden raised a wail-  
ing cry,  
Such as the dweller in some lonely  
wild,  
Sleepless through all the long Decem-  
ber night,  
Hears when the mournful east begins  
to blow.  
But suddenly was heard the sound  
of steps,

Grating on the crisp snow ; the cot-  
tagers  
Were seeking Eva ; from afar they  
saw  
The twain, and hurried toward them.  
As they came  
With gentle chidings ready on their  
lips,  
And marked that deathlike sleep, and  
heard the tale  
Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish  
fell  
Upon their hearts, and bitter words  
of grief  
And blame were uttered : "Cruel,  
cruel one,



To tempt our daughter thus, and  
cruel we,  
Who suffered her to wander forth  
alone  
In this fierce cold ! " They lifted the  
dear child,  
And bore her home and chafed her  
tender limbs,  
And strove, by all the simple arts  
they knew,  
To make the chilled blood move, and  
win the breath  
Back to her bosom ; fruitlessly they  
strove ;  
The little maid was dead. In blank  
despair

They stood, and gazed at her who  
never more  
Should look on them. "Why die we  
not with her ?"  
They said ; "without her, life is  
bitterness."  
Now came the funeral-day ; the  
simple folk  
Of all that pastoral region gathered  
round  
To share the sorrow of the cot-  
tagers.  
They carved a way into the mound of  
snow  
To the glen's side, and dug a little  
grave

BRYANT.

In the smooth slope, and, following  
the bier,  
In long procession from the silent door,  
Chanted a sad and solemn melody:

"Lay her away to rest within the  
ground.  
Yea, lay her down whose pure and  
innocent life



Was spotless as these snows; for she  
was reared  
In love, and passed in love life's  
pleasant spring,

And all that now our tenderest love  
can do  
Is to give burial to her lifeless  
limbs."

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

They paused. A thousand slender  
    voices round,  
Like echoes softly flung from rock  
    and hill,  
Took up the strain, and all the  
    hollow air  
Seemed mourning for the dead; for,  
    on that day,  
The Little People of the Snow had  
    come,  
From mountain-peak, and cloud, and  
    icy hall,  
To Eva's burial. As the murmur died,  
The funeral-train renewed the solemn  
    chant:

    "Thou, Lord, hast taken her to be  
    with Eve,  
Whose gentle name was given her.  
    Even so,  
For so Thy wisdom saw that it was  
    best  
For her and us. We bring our bleed-  
    ing hearts,  
And ask the touch of healing from  
    Thy hand,  
As, with submissive tears, we render  
    back  
The lovely and beloved to Him who  
    gave."

They ceased. Again the plaintive  
    murmur rose.  
From shadowy skirts of low-hung  
    cloud it came,  
And wide white fields, and fir-trees  
    capped with snow,  
Shivering to the sad sounds. They  
    sank away  
To silence in the dim-seen distant  
    woods.

The little grave was closed; the  
    funeral-train  
Departed; winter wore away; the  
    Spring  
Steeped, with her quickening rains,  
    the violet-tufts,  
By fond hands planted where the  
    maiden slept.  
But, after Eva's burial, never more  
The Little People of the Snow were  
    seen  
By human eye, nor ever human  
    ear  
Heard from their lips articulate  
    speech again;  
For a decree went forth to cut them  
    off,  
Forever, from communion with man-  
    kind.  
The winter-clouds, along the moun-  
    tain-side,  
Rolled downward toward the vale,  
    but no fair form  
Leaned from their folds, and, in the  
    icy glens,  
And aged woods, under snow-loaded  
    pines,  
Where once they made their haunt,  
    was emptiness.  
But ever, when the wintry days  
    drew near,  
Around that little grave, in the long  
    night,  
Frost-wreaths were laid and tufts of  
    silvery rime  
In shape like blades and blossoms of  
    the field,  
As one would scatter flowers upon a  
    bier.



*BRYANT.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just!  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of Right.



A LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN.

SHREWD was the good St. Martin; he  
was famed

For sly expedients and devices  
quaint;

And autumn's latest sunny days are  
named

St. Martin's summer from the  
genial saint.

Large were his charities; one winter  
day

He saw a half-clad beggar in the way,  
And stopped and said: "Well met,  
my friend, well met;

That nose of thine, I see, is quite too  
blue."

With that his trenchant sword he  
drew—

For he was in the service yet—  
And cut his military cloak in two;

And with a pleasant laugh  
He bade the shivering rogue take  
half.

On one of the great roads of  
France

Two travellers were journeying on a  
day.

The saint drew near, as if by  
chance,

And joined them, walking the same  
way.

A shabby pair in truth were they,  
For one was meanly covetous, and  
one

An envious wretch—so doth the  
legend run.

Yet courteously they greeted him,  
and talked

Of current topics; for example,  
whether

There would be war, and what to-  
morrow's weather,

Cheating the weary furlongs as they  
walked.

And when the eventide drew near  
Thus spoke the saint: "We part to-  
night;

I am St. Martin, and I give you  
here

The means to make your fortunes,  
used aright;

Let one of you think what will  
please him best,

And freely ask what I will freely  
give.

And he who asks not shall from me  
receive

Twice what the other gains by his  
request;

And now I take my leave."  
He spoke, and left the astonished  
men

Delighted with his words; but then  
The question rose, which of that  
lucky pair

Should speak the wish and take the  
smaller share.

Each begged the other not to heed  
The promptings of a selfish greed,  
But frame at once, since he so well  
knew how,

The amplest, fullest wish that words  
allow.

"Dear comrade, act a princely  
part;

Lay every sordid thought aside;

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Show thyself generous as thou  
art;  
Take counsel of thy own large  
heart,  
And nobly for our common good  
provide."  
But neither prayers nor flatteries  
availed;  
They passed from these to threats,  
and threats too failed.  
Thus went the pleadings on, until at  
last  
The covetous man, his very blood  
on fire,  
Flew at his fellow's throat and  
clenched it fast,  
And shrieked: "Die, then, or do  
what I require;  
Die, strangled like a dog." That  
taunt awoke  
A fierce anger in his envious  
mate,

And merged the thirst of gain in  
bitter hate;  
And with a half-choked voice he  
spoke,  
Dissembling his malign intent,  
"Take off thy hand and I con-  
sent."  
The grasp was loosened, and he  
raised a shout,  
"I wish that one of my own eyes  
were out."  
The wish was gratified as soon as  
heard.  
St. Martin punctually kept his word.  
The envious man was one-eyed from  
that day,  
The other blind for his whole life  
remained.  
And this was all the good that  
either gained  
From the saint's offer in the public  
way.



THE WORDS OF THE KORAN.

EMIR HASSAN, of the prophet's race,  
Asked with folded hands the Al-  
mighty's grace.

Then within the banquet-hall he sat  
At his meal upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the  
food,

Spilling from the charger, as he  
stood,

Awkwardly, upon the Emir's breast,  
Drops that foully stained the silken  
vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and  
dread,

Fell the slave, and thus beseeching  
said:

"Master! they who hasten to re-  
strain

Rising wrath, in Paradise shall  
reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:  
"I'm not angry." "Yet," pursued  
the slave,

"Yet doth higher recompense be-  
long

To the injured who forgives a  
wrong."

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we  
read,"

Thus the prostrate slave went on to  
plead,

"That a higher place in glory still  
Waits the man who renders good for  
ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and be-  
hold

In thy hands I lay a purse of gold;  
Let me never fail to heed in aught

What the prophet of our God hath  
taught."





THE MYSTERY OF FLOWERS.

Not idly do I stray  
At prime, where far the mountain  
ridges run,

And note, along my way,  
Each flower that opens in the early  
sun ;

*LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

Or gather blossoms by the valley's  
spring,  
When the sun sets and dancing in-  
sects sing.

Each has her moral rede,  
Each of the gentle family of flowers;  
And I with patient heed,  
Oft spell their lessons in my graver  
hours.

The faintest streak that on a petal lies,  
May speak instruction to initiate eyes.

CUMMINGTON, 1840.

And well do poets teach  
Each blossom's charming mystery;  
declare,  
In clear melodious speech,  
The silent admonitions pencilled  
there;  
And from the Love of Beauty, aptly  
taught,  
Lead to a higher good, the willing  
thought.

ROSLYN, 1875.



THE CENTENNIAL HYMN.

THROUGH calm and storm the years  
have led  
Our nation on, from stage to  
stage—  
A century's space—until we tread  
The threshold of another age.

We see where o'er our pathway  
swept  
A torrent-stream of blood and fire,  
And thank the Guardian Power who  
kept  
Our sacred League of States entire.

Oh, chequered train of years, fare-  
well!

With all thy strifes and hopes and  
fears!

Yet with us let thy memories dwell,  
To warn and teach the coming  
years.

And thou, the new-beginning age,  
Warned by the past, and not in  
vain,

Write on a fairer, whiter page,  
The record of thy happier reign.





THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless  
 Urn,  
 Pours forth the never-ending Flood  
 of Years,  
 Among the nations. How the rush-  
 ing waves  
 Bear all before them! On their fore-  
 most edge,  
 And there alone, is Life. The Pres-  
 ent there  
 Tosses and foams, and fills the air  
 with roar  
 Of mingled noises. There are they  
 who toil,  
 And they who strive, and they who  
 feast, and they  
 Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy  
 swain—  
 Woodman and delver with the spade  
 —is there,  
 And busy artisan beside his bench,  
 And pallid student with his written  
 roll.  
 A moment on the mounting billow  
 seen,  
 The flood sweeps over them and they  
 are gone.  
 There groups of revellers whose  
 brows are twined  
 With roses, ride the topmost swell  
 awhile,  
 And as they raise their flowing cups  
 and touch  
 The clinking brim to brim, are  
 whirled beneath  
 The waves and disappear. I hear  
 the jar  
 Of beaten drums, and thunders that  
 break forth

From cannon, where the advancing  
 billow sends  
 Up to the sight long files of armed  
 men,  
 That hurry to the charge through  
 flame and smoke.  
 The torrent bears them under,  
 whelmed and hid  
 Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody  
 foam.  
 Down go the steed and rider, the  
 plumed chief  
 Sinks with his followers; the head  
 that wears  
 The imperial diadem goes down be-  
 side  
 The felon's with cropped ear and  
 branded cheek.  
 A funeral-train—the torrent sweeps  
 away  
 Bearers and bier and mourners. By  
 the bed  
 Of one who dies men gather sorrow-  
 ing,  
 And women weep aloud; the flood  
 rolls on;  
 The wail is stifled and the sobbing  
 group  
 Borne under. Hark to that shrill,  
 sudden shout,  
 The cry of an applauding multitude,  
 Swayed by some loud-voiced orator  
 who wilds  
 The living mass as if he were its  
 soul!  
 The waters choke the shout and all is  
 still.  
 Lo! next a kneeling crowd, and one  
 who spreads

The hands in prayer—the engulfing  
 wave o’ertakes  
 And swallows them and him. A  
 sculptor wields  
 The chisel, and the stricken marble  
 grows  
 To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,  
 A painter stands, and sunshine at his  
 touch  
 Gathers upon his canvas, and life  
 glows;  
 A poet, as he paces to and fro,  
 Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile  
 they ride  
 The advancing billow, till its tossing  
 crest  
 Strikes them and flings them under,  
 while their tasks  
 Are yet unfinished. See a mother  
 smile  
 On her young babe that smiles to her  
 again;  
 The torrent wrests it from her arms;  
 she shrieks  
 And weeps, and midst her tears is  
 carried down.  
 A beam like that of moonlight turns  
 the spray  
 To glistening pearls; two lovers,  
 hand in hand,  
 Rise on the billowy swell and fondly  
 look  
 Into each other’s eyes. The rushing  
 flood  
 Flings them apart: the youth goes  
 down; the maid  
 With hands outstretched in vain, and  
 streaming eyes,  
 Waits for the next high wave to  
 swallow him.  
 An aged man succeeds; his bending  
 form  
 Sinks slowly. Mingling with the  
 sullen stream

Gleam the white locks, and then are  
 seen no more.  
 Lo! wider grows the stream—a  
 sea-like flood  
 Saps earth’s walled cities; massive  
 palaces  
 Crumble before it; fortresses and  
 towers  
 Dissolve in the swift waters; popu-  
 lous realms  
 Swept by the torrent see their  
 ancient tribes  
 Engulfed and lost; their very lan-  
 guages  
 Stifled, and never to be uttered  
 more.  
 I pause and turn my eyes, and  
 looking back  
 Where that tumultuous flood has  
 been, I see  
 The silent ocean of the Past, a waste  
 Of waters weltering over graves, its  
 shores  
 Strewn with the wreck of fleets  
 where mast and hull  
 Drop away piecemeal; battlemented  
 walls  
 Frown idly, green with moss, and  
 temples stand  
 Unroofed, forsaken by the wor-  
 shipper.  
 There lie memorial stones, whence  
 time has gnawed  
 The graven legends, thrones of kings  
 o’erturned,  
 The broken altars of forgotten gods,  
 Foundations of old cities and long  
 streets  
 Where never fall of human foot is  
 heard,  
 On all the desolate pavement. I be-  
 hold  
 Dim glimmerings of lost jewels, far  
 within

The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,  
 Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,  
 Once glittering at the banquet on fair  
     brows  
 That long ago were dust, and all  
     around  
 Strewn on the surface of that silent  
     sea  
 Are withering bridal wreaths, and  
     glossy locks  
 Shorn from dear brows, by loving  
     hands, and scrolls  
 O'er written, haply with fond words  
     of love  
 And vows of friendship, and fair  
     pages flung  
 Fresh from the printer's engine.  
     There they lie  
 A moment, and then sink away from  
     sight.  
     I look, and the quick tears are in  
     my eyes,  
 For I behold in every one of these  
 A blighted hope, a separate history  
 Of human sorrows, telling of dear  
     ties  
 Suddenly broken, dreams of happi-  
     ness  
 Dissolved in air, and happy days too  
     brief  
 That sorrowfully ended, and I think  
 How painfully must the poor heart  
     have beat  
 In bosoms without number, as the  
     blow  
 Was struck that slew their hope and  
     broke their peace.  
     Sadly I turn and look before,  
     where yet  
 The Flood must pass, and I behold  
     a mist  
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the  
     brood of Hope,

Divinely fair, that rest on banks of  
     flowers,  
 Or wander among rainbows, fading  
     soon  
 And reappearing, haply giving place  
 To forms of grisly aspect such as  
     Fear  
 Shapes from the idle air — where  
     serpents lift  
 The head to strike, and skeletons  
     stretch forth  
 The bony arm in menace. Further  
     on  
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the  
     way  
 Long, low, and distant, where the  
     Life to come  
 Touches the Life that is. The Flood  
     of Years  
 Rolls toward it near and nearer. It  
     must pass  
 That dismal barrier. What is there  
     beyond?  
 Hear what the wise and good have  
     said. Beyond  
 That belt of darkness, still the Years  
     roll on  
 More gently, but with not less mighty  
     sweep.  
 They gather up again and softly bear  
 All the sweet lives that late were  
     overwhelmed  
 And lost to sight, all that in them  
     was good,  
 Noble, and truly great, and worthy  
     of love—  
 The lives of infants and ingenuous  
     youths,  
 Sages and saintly women who have  
     made  
 Their households happy; all are  
     raised and borne  
 By that great current in its onward  
     sweep,

*LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.*

Wandering and rippling with caress-  
ing waves

Around green islands with the breath  
Of flowers that never wither. So  
they pass

From stage to stage along the shining  
course

Of that bright river, broadening like  
a sea.

As its smooth eddies curl along their  
way

They bring old friends together;  
hands are clasped

In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms  
Again are folded round the child she  
loved

And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten  
now,

Or but remembered to make sweet  
the hour

That overpays them; wounded hearts  
that bled

Or broke are healed forever. In the  
room

Of this grief-shadowed present, there  
shall be

A Present in whose reign no grief  
shall gnaw

The heart, and never shall a tender  
tie

Be broken; in whose reign the  
eternal Change

That waits on growth and action  
shall proceed

With everlasting Concord hand in  
hand.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

SLEEP, Motley! with the great of ancient days,  
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be;  
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise  
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea;  
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays  
Of time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,  
And in the answering heart of millions raise  
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.  
And should the day o'ertake us when, at last,  
The silence that, ere yet a human pen  
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—  
Hushed the primeval languages of men—  
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,  
Thy memory shall perish only then.







THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

PALE is the February sky,  
And brief the mid-day's sunny  
hours;  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and  
flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
Or autumn tints the glowing  
woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings, in its annual round, the  
morn  
When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!  
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,  
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps  
through space,  
And rends the oak with sudden  
force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones,  
shall live  
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's  
fame,  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

FABLES.

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

"UPHOLD my feeble branches  
By thy strong arms, I pray."  
Thus to the Elm her neighbor  
The Vine was heard to say.  
"Else, lying low and helpless,  
A wretched lot is mine,  
Crawled o'er by every reptile,  
And browsed by hungry kine."  
The Elm was moved to pity.  
Then spoke the generous tree:  
"My hapless friend, come hither,  
And find support in me."  
The kindly Elm, receiving  
The grateful Vine's embrace,  
Became, with that adornment,  
The garden's pride and grace;  
Became the chosen covert  
In which the wild-birds sing;  
Became the love of shepherds,  
And glory of the spring.

Oh, beautiful example  
For youthful minds to heed!  
The good we do to others  
Shall never miss its need.  
The love of those whose sorrows  
We lighten shall be ours;  
And o'er the path we walk in  
That love shall scatter flowers.

THE DONKEY AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A MOCK-BIRD in a village  
Had somehow gained the skill  
To imitate the voices  
Of animals at will.

And, singing in his prison  
Once at the close of day,  
He gave with great precision  
The donkey's heavy bray.

Well pleased, the mock-bird's mas-  
ter  
Sent to the neighbors round,  
And bade them come together  
To hear that curious sound.

They came, and all were talking  
In praise of what they heard,  
And one delighted lady  
Would fain have bought the  
bird.

A donkey listened sadly,  
And said: "Confess I must,  
That these are stupid people,  
And terribly unjust.

"I'm bigger than the mock-bird,  
And better bray than he,  
Yet not a soul has uttered  
A word in praise of me."

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(Selected.)

"GOOD-MORROW, friend." So spoke,  
upon a day,  
A caterpillar to a butterfly.  
The winged creature looked another  
way,  
And made this proud reply:  
"No friend of worms am I."

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

The insulted caterpillar heard,  
And answered thus the taunting  
word;

"And what wert thou, I pray,  
Ere God bestowed on thee that brave  
array?

Why treat the caterpillar tribe with  
scorn?

Art thou, then, nobly born?  
What art thou, madam, at the best?  
A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A DEXTROUS spider chose  
The delicate blossom of a garden  
rose

Whereon to plant and bind  
The net he framed to take the insect  
kind.

And when his task was done,  
Proud of the cunning lines his art  
had spun,

He said: "I take my stand  
Close by my work, and watch what I  
have planned.

And now, if Heaven should bless  
My labors with but moderate success,  
No fly shall pass this way,  
Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy  
prey."

He spoke, when from the sky  
A strong wind swooped, and whirl-  
ing, hurried by,  
And, far before the blast,  
Rose, leaf, and web, and plans and  
hopes were cast.

THE DIAL AND THE SUN.

A DIAL, looking from a stately  
tower,  
While from his cloudless path in  
heaven the Sun

Shone on its disk, as hour succeeded  
hour,  
Faithfully marked their flight till  
day was done.

Fair was that gilded disk, but when  
at last

Night brought the shadowy hours  
'twixt eve and prime,  
No longer that fair disk, for those  
who passed,  
Measured and marked the silent  
flight of time.

The human mind, on which no  
hallowed light  
Shines from the sphere beyond the  
starry train,  
Is like the Dial's gilded disk at  
night,  
Whose cunning tracery exists in  
vain.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

A SERPENT watched an eagle gain,  
On soaring wings, a mountain  
height,  
And envied him, and crawled with  
pain

To where he saw the bird alight.  
So fickle fortune oftentimes  
Befriends the cunning and the  
base,  
And many a grovelling reptile climbs  
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

THE WOODMAN AND SANDAL-TREE.

BESIDE a sandal-tree a woodman  
stood  
And swung the axe, and while  
its blows were laid

Upon the fragrant trunk, the gener-  
ous wood

With its own sweet perfumed the  
cruel blade.

Go, then, and do the like. A soul  
endued

With light from heaven, a nature  
pure and great,

Will place its highest bliss in doing  
good,

And good for evil give, and love  
for hate.

THE HIDDEN RILL.

Across a pleasant field a rill unseen

Glides from a fountain, nor does  
ought betray

Its presence, save a tint of lovelier  
green,

And flowers that scent the air  
along its way.

Thus silently should charity attend

Those who in want's drear cham-  
bers pine and grieve;

No token should reveal the aid we  
lend,

Save the glad looks our welcome  
visits leave.

THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

UPON the valley's lap

The liberal morning throws

A thousand drops of dew

To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course

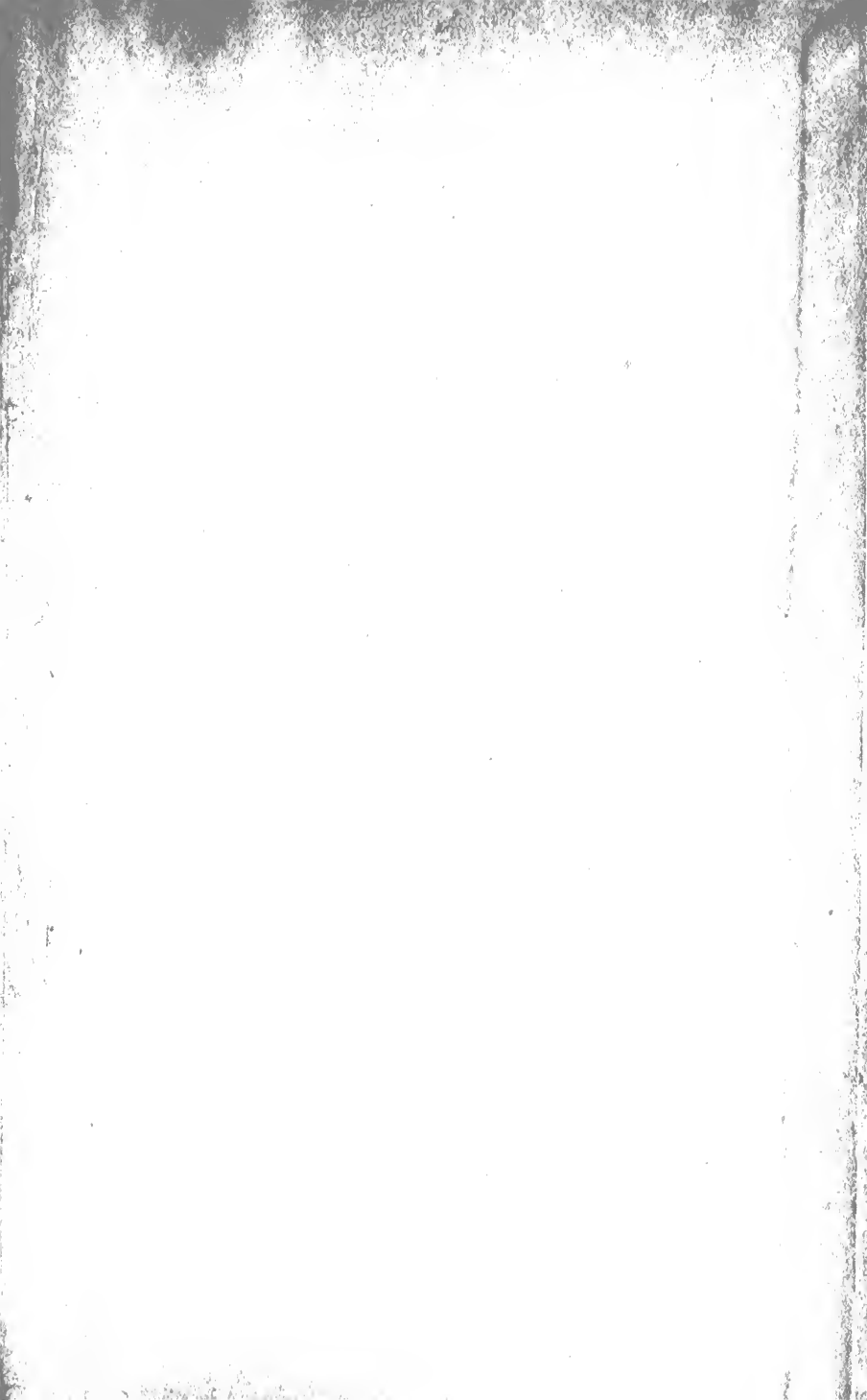
Of life's few fleeting years,

A single pleasure costs

The soul a thousand tears.

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*Wm. B. Bryant*







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